The Journal.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and warmer; southeasterly winds.

Will the Teller boom now move on St. Louis?

Our country enters on a new era of its history.

The New Jersey tail has demonstrated its ability to wag the Ohio dog.

Messrs. Bland and Boies can now resume operations on their respective farms.

A Cabinet meeting at the present time could be depended upon to show a striking absence of hilarity.

Mr. Bland is putting on a bold front for a man who has been spending the past week on the doorstep of a sure thing.

Colonel Bradley Johnson's duel seems to have been discovered by those gentlemen whose duty it is to report Spanish victories.

A hasty glance through Mr. Bryan's large batch of congratulatory telegrams fails to disclose one with a Buzzard's Bay date line.

Mr. Bryan is a young man, and young men are more reasonable than old men, who refuse to change their minds when they find they are wrong.

Hon. J. Sterling Morton now has a real Presidential candidate from his own State, but he doesn't seem to be particularly well pleased over the fact.

The news from Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois and other Western States shows that it is a poor sort of bolt that doesn't work both ways.

Mayor Strong will find the mud baths quite an improvement on the mud-throwing contest that has been in progress between the members of his official family.

The Chicago Convention did not indorse Tillmanism. On the contrary, its reception of the South Carolinian clearly demonstrated its disapproval of his methods.

ITALIAN POLICY.

The Ministerial crisis in Italy is due immediately to a dispute on the subject of reducing the army, although the Ministry has been shaky for some time, and would probably have had to be reorganized soon in any event. The refusal of the colleagues of General Ricotti, the Minister of War, to agree to his plan of retrenchment postpones this reform, but does not make it less necessary. Italy is in a horrible condition economically. Not even in Turkey is the weight of taxation on the majority of the people more oppressive. And all this is entirely needless. Germany has to keep up a great army to guard against an attack from France and Russia; France needs one to be ready for any opportunity to recover her lost provinces; Austria must have one to preserve her existence, but Italy is in the fortunate position of having no dangers she does not invite. France would gladly guarantee the observance of her neutrality. No nation would willingly attack her if she would keep out of the entanglements of Continental politics. Some day a government will be in power in Italy which will frankly abandon all outside adventures, reduce the army, and devote itself to the development of the resources of the country. Then the Italians may prosper at home, and the volume of Italian emigration may be checked.

AMERICA'S SHIELD.

America has lost one distinguished citizen in the person of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, but she has gained another, not less noted. Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, sometimes affectionately known as "Lanky Bob," announces that as an American he is prepared to defend America against the world. If Congress had understood this a few months ago we might have saved the millions appropriated for coast defences, except such moderate sums as gratitude might have impelled us to "hang up" in purses for slugging matches. Mr. Fitzsimmons used to be an Australian, and the fact that he is now an American, and ready to act as a substitute for coast fortifications is ample compensation for the loss of Mr. Astor, and even for that of the various duchesses whom we have contributed from time to time for the enrichment of the blood of the British aristocracy.

The stimulating effect of the pugilistic profession on the sense of patriotism is a phenomenon which deserves the attention of psychologists. There are no such whole-souled patriots as sluggers. John L. Sullivan's intolerant Americanism was long an inspiration to the youth of this broad land, and Corbett has never been able to think of a foreigner in language fit for publication. Now that Fitzsimmons has dowered our Republic with the wealth of his affection, our national safety needs no insurance.

FINISHING THE TICKET.

The Democratic Convention has turned the flank of Eastern opposition by going as far "Down East" as possible for material to fill the second place on its ticket. This has been a week of surprises, and no more surprising thing has happened than the selection of a railroad magnate, national bank president and shipping prince from Maine by an assemblage supposed to be composed of furious, sectional-minded, wealth-hating Western and Southern Populists. No New England man has been put on the Presidential ticket of either great party before since Blaine, and the Democrats have never nominated one for either first or second place since Franklin Pierce, forty-four years ago. That it should be left to the first distinctively anti-Eastern Democratic convention ever held to make such a choice is one of the anomalies of this curious campaign. That a convention whose platform denounced the issue of money by national banks should accept a candidate who was especially recommended to it on the ground that he was a national bank president is another.

Mr. Sewall's nomination is a shrewd move in more ways than one. It maintains the standing of the party as a national organization, and curbs the dangerous sectional irritation developed by the discussion of the money question. It tends, too, to promote confidence in the intentions of the new element that has seized control of the organization, since a man of Mr. Sewall's standing and substance would hardly be a leader of the gang of red-shirted Anarchists, with the fuses of bombs sticking out of their pockets, which the silver Democracy is supposed, in some respectable Eastern circles, to be.

We are curious, however, to know how this nomination will strike the workingmen, upon whom, in the absence of the usual support from the well-to-do classes, the Democracy must look for the greater share of its votes in this part of the country. The Sewalls are enterprising and prosperous citizens; their ships, as the gentleman who made the nominating speech eloquently observed, "spread their white wings to the winds of every ocean and carry the American flag to the uttermost parts of the earth;" but the men that unfurl those white wings and haul up that flag complain that they do not have a good time on board those beautiful ships. Sailors talk about the prevalence of discipline by belaying pin on Sewall vessels, and in the "Red Record" of cruelty compiled by the organized seamen some of the ghastliest tales relate to those triumphs of marine architecture. The other organized workmen have sympathized with the sailors hitherto, and it will be interesting to observe their attitude now.

If any enterprising newspaper had offered a prize one week ago to the subscriber that guessed the Democratic ticket it would probably have exhausted its subscription list before it would have occurred to anybody to suggest the combination of Bryan and Sewall. But it is a well-balanced combination geographically, although State pride may not be powerful enough to enable it to carry Nebraska and Maine. At all events, nobody can say that a Hanna put up this slate. Doubtless Divine Providence knew in advance what the ticket was going to be, but no secret was ever better kept.

FATHER KNEIP'S FAIR DISCIPLES

The announcement that Father Kneip, the famous apostle of cold water and common sense in their application to the ills of human flesh, would shortly visit this country, has started quite a furor of independent research in the same field in this neighborhood, the most enthusiastic votaries of the sturdy old German priest's hygienic philosophy being members of the fair sex. At present the second named element of Father Kneip's system seems to be somewhat slighted in favor of the first; that is to say, its gentle disciples, while growing fonder and fonder of the pastime of wading barefooted in the dewy grass, are still wont to indulge, as formerly, in eatables and drinkables with which common sense has nothing whatever to do. Equally, it is probably the prominence given to the cold water part of the programme that is excluding male members of the community from its benefits.

That appears to be the great drawback to Father Kneip's system—cold water and common sense being the remedies, and the patients for the most part being those who have energetically acquired objection to the former, or are constitutionally minus the latter. Even the lady votaries are not understood to be drinking more cold water than formerly; it is the novel pleasure, with its soupcon of unconventionality, of baring their lower extremities and wading like Watteau shepherdesses in the damp grass at dusk, that so charms them.

In truth it is not an unpleasing sight, this of a bevy of young women with white, glistening, dew-bedecked feet kissed by tender blades of grass in the full of the moon. At such an hour it is idyllic—it is romance and poetry in tangible form. But, like other insidious habits, it grows upon its victims past all bounds of either poetry or romance. Up in Connecticut, barely an hour's ride from the sordidly practical metropolis, in semi-rural retreats ladies fashionably attired otherwise may be discovered at almost any hour of the day with feet as bare as nature made them, lolling in hammocks, or reading novels on shady piazzas. Finding that the evening stroll in the dewy grass keeps their feet cool and supple, and slender without the aid of confining leather, they simply indulge the new whim to the utmost, and emulate the "barefoot boy" from morn till dewy eve! Bless you, the farmers don't mind it, and scattering visitors from the city manage to bear up under it somehow.

There is only one really deplorable feature of the barefoot fad. Among those just now referred to are several ladies of the stage. The alarming question rises: Will they all, in their desire to gratify their novel passion at all times and in all places, become Trilbys? Heaven forbid! The barefoot maiden wandering in dewy meads by the light of the pale moon is one thing, and the same barefoot maiden disporting her pedal extremities in the glare of the calcium is quite another.

The "advance agent of prosperity" appears to be in a trance.

There is no evidence that Old Glory changed color while in the British throne room.

The greatest "star cast" of "Patience" ever given was that of the gold men sitting quietly in the Chicago Convention waiting for the agony to be over.

For the first time since 1860 the voters of the United States are obliged to think and to act for themselves; political cutting and drying has been love's labor lost this year.

Mr. Chandler's comments on "political idiots" bids fair to become as interesting as the New Hampshire man's discussion of "mortgaged candidates" for the Presidency.

The New England people should stop boasting of their superior intelligence long enough to drive out the gold brick operators. The game is so old that it can no longer be played on the "ignorant" people of the "rowdy" West.

For three months the United States will be turned into a school of finance; to every scholar there will be at least three professors. Those who survive are earnestly requested to vote next November.

Senor Mella, Carlist deputy, is anxious to have the government of Spain prepare for the inevitable conflict with the United States. This reads like a proclamation from the fly to the effect that it was preparing for the inevitable conflict with Uncle Toby.

Chauncey M. Depew has followed Henry Watterson in an outburst of American manhood in London. There is no possibility of mistaking the words uttered by either of these representative Americans, and the effect cannot be anything but good.

In view of the radical ground taken at Chicago and the extensive bolt of gold Democrats, Mr. McKinley has at last found his voice. It is time. He and his managers will have to stop playing with the tariff and get down to the solid business of answering silver arguments if they want to beat Bryan.

Miss Winnie Murray, of Iowa, hitherto unknown to the great mass of mankind, has succeeded in getting her name in every paper in the United States, and, according to some authorities, getting herself hugged by the entire Iowa delegation. This was doubtless gratifying to the delegates thus favored, but it is doubtful if it was a source of unalloyed enjoyment to the young lady's father, brother or sweetheart, if such she have. Even chivalry cannot altogether approve of the female convention demonstrator, who, unfortunately, appears to have come to stay.

On learning of the fact of his nomination for President of the United States, William Jennings Bryan confounded any doubting Thomases who may have been present by taking a rabbit's foot from his pocket and triumphantly exhibiting it. A few hours later this powerful mascot had dwindled into insignificance beside another whose potency is abundantly attested in history. A telegram was handed to Mr. Bryan, dated at Smyrna, Del., which stated that Delaware congratulated him, and that the baby had just been named William Jennings Bryan Pratt.

Mr. Bryan is right on the question of one term. One term is enough, but it is a serious question as to whether the period of that term is long enough. The disturbance of the business of the country every four years in order to allow us to change the policy of the previous four years seems to many citizens who have the welfare of the country at heart to be too much of a good thing. It is agreed upon by every rational man that a period of absolute rest from politics and legislation would be of inestimable benefit to the country; if it were not for the professional politician we might hope to get it.

PRATTLE.

A Transient Record of Individual Opinion.

By Ambrose Bierce.

The sons of thunder of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who insisted on carrying the American flag into the throne room at Windsor Palace, would doubtless have affirmed their right to haul in a gun or two if they had had any, and, having them in, would have discharged them if they had known how. And if the Queen had not been in the parlor, eating bread and honey, she might have been on the throne, an unwilling participant in the performance. Americans, to the final generation, would have heard with patriotic pride of the shot that shook the blood-bought splendors of a tottering throne and jolted the bones of an effete despot. But let us not repine: the star-spangled gastronomers and grizzled speech dogs of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company have not garnered the full harvest of opportunity, but they have put the sickle into the field right valorously. The plaudits of an admiring people await their return to the ribbon counter and the delivery wagon.

* * *

Doubtless it is consistent with Mr. Bland's private system of personal dignity to notice the silly criticisms of his wife's religion, but he ought not to cherish a private system of syntax, with which it is consistent to ignore the subjunctive mood. His devotion to American interests is too well known to require an armed demonstration against English grammar. The vexed question concerning the identity of the person who, being asked if he were a grammarian, replied: "No, I am a Missourian," is in a fair way to be settled. It looks like Bland.

* * *

Here lies the remainder of David B. Hill,
Who went to Chicago free silver to kill.
Beside him lies Whitney, deprived of his breath,
Whose plan of campaign was to talk it to death.

* * *

Let us suppose that I am a good American citizen not yet translated by death to Paris, and that I wish to forward my political convictions by my vote, as is my right, and some say my duty. In order to vote with a reasonable hope of influencing the result, I must choose between the Republican and the Democratic party. By the inscrutable will of Divine Providence, that notes the fall of a sparrow, but lets it fall just the same, I cherish a steadfast faith in gold and a low tariff, holding in impartial disesteem protective duties and free coinage of silver. Let some other good American now stand forth and say how I should vote—how I can vote without violence to the thing that I call my conscience. Let it be explained what provision our political system affords for my political activity. If none has been made, am I not justified in the inference that my service at the polling place is not desired; that on election day I shall be free to pursue my toes along the paths of peace leading to where the fishing is good? The like o' that I have it in purpose to do unless Heaven shall put into the heart of some patriot the wish to dissuade me and into his head the understanding to do so. Possibly Heaven can bestow such an understanding, but indubitably Heaven never did.

* * *

Apropos of incivism, here is an "imaginary conversation" calculated to make old Walter Savage Landor groan in his grave:

Skyhigh—To vote is the most sacred of civic duties.

Blackdark—Not if you believe that in the long run you will vote wrong oftener than right.

S.—Why do you believe so?

B.—Partly from knowledge of human fallibility, particularly when reason is clouded by prejudice or corrupted by self-interest; partly because I am so seldom given an opportunity to vote right.

S.—You can always vote for the man of your choice.

B.—He is never nominated; that honor always goes to some person with whom I have little or no personal acquaintance, knowing him "by reputation" only—the most misleading of all testimony. Sir, the passion for nominating men who are strangers to me is a striking feature of American politics.

S.—Spare me the wit. I meant that you have always a choice between two candidates.

B.—Both selected by others. Inestimable privilege!—to vote for the man of another man's choice!

S.—But suppose that all should abstain from political action.

B.—The rules of debate do not require me to consider an imaginary situation. Whenever all have abstained, consult me again.

S.—If incivism would be an offence in all, it is an offence any way.

B.—With whom lies the right of indictment and prosecution? Not with you; my abstention augments your power and influence. If only one man voted he would be dictator.

S.—It is by their votes that the people's views are ascertained.

B.—They are not ascertained; there are too many "views" in the "platforms." An election, with two candidates running, shows only which of the two a majority preferred, not why anybody preferred him. And of him it may always be truly said that only one other man in the country is known to be less desirable than he.

S.—If you do not participate in government, you forfeit the right to criticise the kind of government that you get.

B.—Liberty of thought and speech cannot be forfeited. I do not paint, yet have a right to criticise pictures. What I forego is the right to disobey the laws; and you have not that.

S.—You reason like a house afire. Nevertheless, it is your duty to make a choice between McKinley and Bryan.

B.—Good!—hand me the dice.

* * *

Our declaration for free silver is so explicit that even the ingenuity of the devil cannot misconstrue it.—Senator Blackburn.

The ingenuity of the devil is not available for that purpose. He does not wish to misconstrue that declaration; he wrote it.

* * *

A power-seeking, profit-scorning paper,
That cuts with equal grace a price or caper,
Will please accept this neighborly averment,
That burial at sea is not "interment."
Thy sway the realms of England do not know,
Ahkoond of the unhungry purse, Oom Jo.

* * *

"Sire," said Thurber Pasha, prostrating himself at the royal feet and putting his brow three times against the ground, "may thy grandmother's grave bear figs."

"In the name of Allah," replied the Anointed One, "out with it."

The vassal rose to his knees. "Son of the sun and the moon, know, then, thy servant has but just removed his unworthy ear from the long-distance telephone to Chicago. The last words that entered that humble organ—which may leprosy remove if it record false witness—were these: 'It looks like Cleveland.'"

"Now, by the dog of the Seven Sleepers!" thundered the potentate, "if thou liest I will give thee stick abundantly!"

But the seneschal, protesting that truth was his only virture, retired from the Presence with the gift of a jewelled robe and a taxation district. Then the royal ear itself sought the telephone and heard the familiar voice of Armour Bey in soliloquy:

"Yes, it looks like Cleveland, and will weigh 430 pounds, dressed."

* * *

James Rodman, living in Kansas, naturally preferred death, and was about to remove himself with a firearm when a neighbor, cherishing a more patriotic view, served a writ of ne exeat regno by promptly knocking him down. The propriety of knocking down a Kansas man is not lightly to be questioned, but there are circumstances in which a worthy act may advantageously be deferred.

* * *

As to the general subject of suicide, a man is commonly the best judge of whether it is good for him. Suicide is neither so trivial nor so alluring that it is likely to be undertaken in a spirit of thoughtless and airy levity or without a serious canvass of its evils and advantages. The ancients, compared with whom we are babbling babes, held it in high esteem as a final defence against the assaults of fortune; we punish the unsuccessful attempt and load with calumny the name and memory of him who has put himself beyond the reach of our savage malevolence. For my part, I would no more interfere with a person committing suicide than with a person engaged in being born.

* * *

It is to the clergy that we are mainly indebted for our brutality in this matter—the chaps who used to, and, I believe, still do deny to the unfortunate suicide the invaluable advantage of burial in "consecrated ground," compelling his secret interment by night, with a cross above him and a stake to mark the spot. (True, the cross was no more than the intersection of two roads and the stake, having to be hammered well down, may have penetrated his inside, but it was the best that could be done.) These enterprising gentlemen not only have "cornered" all the salable advantages and pleasures of life that their several syndicates can handle, but have laid their hands otherwise than in dedication upon life itself, and death, too. Everything enjoyable is to be enjoyed under conditions prescribed by them, and—well, there is a small charge, of course. Naturally, they resent the escape of a customer. I feel that way myself. The gentleman who yesterday sought another and bitter world will to-day be unable to buy the Journal and read my cheerful remarks on the clergy.

* * *

It looks to Private Cleveland as if his "undesirable States" had increased in number to forty-five, and all had been represented at Chicago.

* * *

Here Blackburn lies; his star no more
Shines red along Chicago's shore.
A shining light, he lit the town;
They turned him down, they turned him down.

* * *

I have from the Authors' Clipping Bureau the following solemn utterance of the Atlanta Constitution:

"Mr. Ambrose Bierce doesn't like Joaquin Miller. A few million people do, however."

As to the arbitrament of nose-counting, Mr. Ambrose Bierce does not like whiskey, of which a few million people are avidlously enamoured. A few million people are partial to the tobacco quid, for which I entertain a milder preference. I don't particularly care for dirt, though to a few million people it is the pride and solace of life. My esteemed contemporary errs otherwise, too; the person whom I dislike with a diligence which serves to distinguish me from a bee in a field of buckwheat is not Mr. Joaquin Miller, but Brer Joel Chandler Harris.

* * *

Ye who hold that the power of eloquence is a thing of the past and the orator an anachronism, who believe that the trend of political events and the results of parliamentary action are determined by committees in cold consultation and the machinations of programmes in holes and corners, consider the ascension of Byran—and be wise. A week ago Bryan had never heard of himself; upon his natural obscurity was superposed the opacity of a Congressional service that effaced him from the memory of even his faithful dog, and made him immune from dunning. To-day he is pinnacled upon the summit of the tallest political distinction, gasping in the thin atmosphere of his unfamiliar environment, and fitly astonished at the mischance. To the dizzy elevation of his candidacy he was hoisted out of the shadow by his own tongue, the longest and liveliest in Christendom. Had he held it—which he could not have done with both hands—there had been no Bryan. His creation was the unstudied act of his own larynx; it said, "Let there be Bryan," and there was Bryan. Even in these degenerate days there is a hope for the orators when one can make himself a Presidential peril by merely waving the red flag in the cave of the winds and tormenting the circumference with a brandish of abundant hands.

* * *

To be quite honest, I do not entirely believe that Orator Bryan's words and gestures had anything to do with it. I have long been convinced that pesonal persuasion is a matter of animal magnetism—what in its more obvious manifestation we now call hypnotism. At the back of the words and the postures, and independent of them, is that secret, mysterious power, addressing, not the ear, not the eye, nor, through them, the understanding, but through its matching quality in the auditor, captivating the will and enslaving it. That is how persuasion is effected; the spoken words merely supply a pretext for surrender. They enable us to yield without loss of our self-esteem, in the delusion that we are conceding to reason what is really extorted by charm. The words are necessary, too, to point out what the orator wishes us to think, if we are not already apprised of it. When the nature of his power is better understood and frankly recognized, he can spare himself the toil of talking. The parliamentary debate of the future will probably be conducted in silence, and with only such gestures as go by the name of "passes." The chairman will state the question before the House and the side, affirmative or negative, to be taken by the honorable members entitled to the floor. That gentleman will rise, train his compelling orbs upon the miscreants in opposition, execute a few passes and exhaust his alloted time in looking at them. He will then yield to an honorable member of dissenting views. The preponderance in magnetic power and hypnotic skill will be manifest in the voting. The advantages of the method are as plain as the nose on an elephant's face. The "arena" will no longer "ring" with anybody's "rousing speech," to the irritating abridgment of the inalienable right to pursuit of sleep. Honorable members will lack provocation to hurl allegations and cuspidors. Pitchforking statesmen and tosspot reformers will be unable to play at pitch-and-toss with reputations not submitted for the performance. In short, the congenial asperities of debate will be so mitigated that the honorable member from Hades will retire permanently from the hauls of legislation.

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

Gold Arguments from a Wage Earner.

To the Editor of the Journal:

In the interesting series of letters on the "Battle of the Standards," which appear in the Journal, one may find expressions in favor of sound money by statesmen, bankers, eminent lawyers and merchants, but the opinions of the common people, the ones who are to ultimately settle the question at the polls, are not to be found, either because none of us has ventured to express himself or has done so and been denied space.

I believe that many of the advocates of free silver have been won over owing to the fact that only the "money changers" appear to champion the sound money cause, while the men who profess to be close to the common people all advocate free silver. Yet there are thousands of men like myself who are not "money changers," but wage earners, who, if they had an opportunity, would express themselves on the sound money question and thus contradict the erroneous impression that the people favor a debased currency. Will the Journal do one of these common citizens the great service of printing his homely views on the question that so vitally affects himself and his brother workers?

A LETTER TO THE PEOPLE.

In the few lines that have been accorded me to address the people of this city on the money standard question, I shall not attempt to picture the effect that the proposed coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 with gold would have upon the moneyed people of this country, nor will I dwell upon the effect it would have upon those of us who are in moderate circumstances, but it will be my object to expatiate upon the baneful effects free coinage at this proposed ratio would exert upon the great mass of our people—the millions who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, not by the rise or fall of stocks in our pestilential exchanges.

It will be my object to portray in plain words the disastrous consequences that must necessarily accrue from an adoption of the heretical proposition that the silverites present to the voters of this land.

There is no need of putting a grain of sense in a peck of rubbish, for I think that the average American citizen is very well equipped with brains and can draw a deduction from a sound and straightforward argument as readily as any other man, so I will make my statements bald and ungarnished.

Money is the issue before us. We must settle in our minds what the term money signifies. It is understood to mean a substance which is coined or printed by an authorized institution, to pass in the hands of the people as a substitute for commodities; it means nothing if it does not mean this. What would the riches of the world be to any of us if we were unable to exchange some part of it for the commodities of which we have actual need? What would it be to a man if he sat down at a table piled high with gold and silver if with some part of it he could not buy a morsel of bread?

Nations recognize the fact that the ultimate use of money is solely this: Its exchange for some product or possession of man's. One man having money, finding another man who is willing to exchange lands or products for the other's money, is what gives money its mercantile value. Since this is the case, men, from the earliest days of which we have record, have sought to obtain that species of money that would at all times be acceptable in the markets of the world as a medium of exchange, and after trial it has been demonstrated that the two metals that are best suited for coinage are gold and silver. They have come to be called "precious metals." They are used as currency by every civilized nation, and the only question that the people of the United States are called upon to settle is this: In what ratio are we to put gold and silver coin in circulation? This is the point at which the hard money men and the silverites—in the Democratic column—split.

The pretences of the silver faction will be the ones which we will first consider, for the silverites are they who attack the present monetary system, and their arguments should be the first to demand our attention.

It is proposed by them that the mints of the United States be opened to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1—16 grains of silver to one of gold. This, they claim, will establish a parity between the two metals—the only object the silverites claim they have in view.

Let us see if this one pin to which they hang their claim will hold. To establish a ratio between any two commodities, be they gold and silver, potatoes and peat, silk and calico, it is necessary, in order to ascertain their relationship, that these points be settled: How do the two articles compare as regards production? Is there as much of the one as of the other? What is the demand for the two, equal or unequal? Upon these points will depend the mercantile value, for no man is so ignorant, no party so perfidious as to gainsay that the law of product and demand regulates price.

With the first pair of commodities—gold and silver—we find, upon studying the statistics of the markets of the world, that the production of gold is less than that of silver. This alone would be sufficient to allow the broad assertion that gold would therefore be the more valuable; but it is further seen that gold is demanded by the peoples of all countries to a greater amount than silver; hence, with a smaller gross product and a greater gross demand among nations and among individuals, gold has come to be the one metal that stands as the standard for money. This is proven when it is accorded its place in the ratio of silver to gold. The silver men themselves admit by their words that a double standard is impossible when they say, give us coinage at 16 to 1—16 parts of silver to one of gold—the silver must be brought up in weight to equal the world's standard metal—gold—but 16 to 1 does not bring silver to the standard.

Now the standard of gold is established, owing to two agencies that operate in the mercantile world; it is the coin that is most in demand, and scarcest in production; it is the coin that the leading governments of the world will always buy at a fixed price; or, to be absolutely accurate, at a price that varies infinitesimally. Silver, on the other hand, is subject to violent, sudden and frequent fluctuations; nations cannot establish a price for silver bullion and be certain that it will remain at that price, or practically so. And for this reason debts, national and private, bonds and all future payments are made to read "payable in gold," if the creditor has any doubt about the future stability of the money market. He does not want to lend money of a standard value and receive in payment a depreciated money.

Yet this is the proposition the silverites would place before the people: They say that because, in the early history of our country, when the production of silver was small, when the demand for a circulating medium was small, the Government of that day determined that the then existing ratio of gold and silver was 16 to 1, we of to-day, with a silver market that is glutted and a commercial ratio of the metals standing 30 to 1—30 parts of silver to 1 of gold—we, the silverites claim, must decree as a nation that silver can be coined at the defunct ratio of 16 to 1, thus virtually stamping 50 cents' worth of silver as worth 100 cents in gold, labor, bread or clothes.

This is the silverites' plan for helping the poor; this is the will o' the wisp they would have us follow. What would it lead to?

It would at the very outset make the Government and every debtor in our land repudiate (which is but another word for wilfully deny) honestly contracted debts. This is a crime which no nation, no man, can ever live down; it would depreciate by nearly one-half the circulating medium of the country, and thus strike 50 per cent off of the savings of the people; it would work the everlasting ruin of the wage earner, for he would have to give a hundred cents on the dollar day's work and receive in payment a fifty cents on the dollar wage. He would have to purchase his hundred cents on the dollar bread with his fifty cents dollar; he would have to pay a hundred cents on the dollar rent out of his fifty cents on the dollar day's earnings—for no man who looks about him can be ignorant of the fact that the laborers, those who earn their livelihood by day's or week's work, are the first to suffer from a rise in the price of commodities or a reduction in the purchasing power of their wage. Where is the man, be he day laborer or mechanic, who can afford to buy the necessaries of life for himself and his family at one hundred cents on the dollar and receive for his honest day's work money that is only worth fifty cents on the dollar? Such a man, and he only, is to be justified in advocating the coinage of silver at the absurd ratio of 16 to 1.

The gold standard men make this plain statement: We want gold and silver coin put in circulation at a ratio that will insure the holder of a gold or silver dollar 100 cents' worth of the world's goods at any place and at all times. Such a ratio at present is not less than 30 to 1, 30 grains of silver to one of gold.

You, my fellow-citizens, are now called upon to declare yourselves for the one or the other of these two causes. Will you perpetrate the awful crime of denying half the obligations of the country and the people, and decrease the wage-earner's dollar to fifty cents, or will you call for a continuance of the present use of a standard dollar, that will pass current the world over to the honor of yourselves and your country? This is the question you must settle at the polls.

FRANCIS A. ADAMS.

A Hopeful View for Democracy.

To the Editor of the Journal.

If you will permit a layman who voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1892, and worked ardently for his election, to express an opinion on the present Democratic situation, I beg to say that I regard this as the most favorable moment for the Democratic party which it has seen for many years.

It was the growth of new and vital principles and the accession of new zeal which made possible the rejuvenation of the Republican party and the election of Abraham Lincoln. With all its ups and downs for thirty-six years, the history of the Republican party will yet bear comparison with that of any popular political organization that has swayed the destinies of any land. But in the interval, since its entry upon the scene as a distinct political entity, there has been almost a complete revolution in the affairs of the nation, and in the relations of the people to each other. The most vital change is in the matter of wealth, and the Republican party has become pre-eminently the handmaid and abettor of the great money power as against the common people. In 1860 there was scarcely such a thing known on this Continent as a millionaire. Now there are enough of them to elect Presidents, control Legislatures, Congress, the Supreme Court, and to dictate, on every essential point, the policy of the Government. There are enough of them, as you have plainly pointed out, to set aside the will of the people, and to stultify the organic law of the land, in order to favor their own class by the abrogation of laws demanded by the people, and enacted by their representatives.

Heretofore the people have turned to the Democratic party in search of friends and policies looking to the general betterment through a more just rule in the nation, but have lately found the party slow to adopt new ideas or to correct old abuses. The Populists, the Mugwumps and other semi-independent offshoots from the party are simply so many protests against the spirit of ultra-conservatism.

You may call them "fanatics," "lunatics," or what you will. The fact remains that their members grow apace, and after awhile you have—what now happens in Chicago.

It is easy to call names. But have we of the East the hardihood to maintain that the millions of our fellow citizens of the republic, who are represented by the majority element at Chicago are all fools and knaves? Can we frankly say that we believe they have a monopoly of all the "fallacy" and the "fanaticism," or may we not lay a fair claim to a share in these handy commodities?

If we admit this much it seems to me we may be in a fair way of seeing the Democratic party once more in the fore front of progress, and with a following that will render it invincible. To succeed in building up a nation and a great people, it is necessary to learn new truth, if that be possible, or to dig up old truth that has been buried or cast aside in a more degenerate age.

No party can afford to hang its fate to a precedent, simply as such. The fly in amber is not more helpless.

Democracy must mean progress or else it can mean nothing, and political progress, like that which is merely material, presupposes new ideas and their patient and faithful development.

If Watt had done nothing more than discover the power of steam in the kettle and no successor had come to claim and utilize that force, what advantage would his discovery been to the world? So with electricity, with mechanics and with principles of instruction.

In a democracy it is as bad for high officials to appear to be corrupt as to actually be so, and present day history proclaims how prone the people are to accept the appearance for the fact.

Let the Democratic party, then, broaden its tents, turn its face to the full light of the sun and expand its lungs with the pure ozone of heaven.

Let it welcome to its arms the "common people," who, you may be sure, will never cease to possess this land, come what may!

If it fails in this, another party will arise from its ruins which will do the duty better which heaven has given it to do, and your Hills and Whitneys will be obliged to flock with their own in the bosom of the Republican party.

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